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I Love to Sing.

BY REV. DR. BETHUNE.

I love to sing when I am glad,
Song is the echo of my gladness;
I love to sing when I am sad,
Till song makes sweet my very sadness.
'Tis pleasant time
When voices chime
To some sweet rhyme in concert only;
And song to me
Is company;
Good company when I am lonely.

When ere I greet the morning light,
My song goes forth in thankful numbers,
And 'mid the shadows of the night,
I sing to me in welcome slumbers;
My heart is stirr'd
By each glad bird
Whose notes are heard in summer's bowers;
And song gives birth
To friendly mirth
Around the hearth in wintry hours.

Man first learned song in Paradise,
From the bright angels o'er him singing;
And in our home above the skies,
Glad anthems are forever ringing.
God lends his ear
Well pleased to hear
The songs that cheer his children's sorrow,
Till day shall break
And we shall wake
Where love will make unfading morrow.

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE
"DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment,
arranged by ROBERT FRANE. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9
Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston:
O. Ditson & Co.

(Continued from page 167.)

Of the Soprano Arias, No. 2 may serve for an example. It is taken from the cantata for the first Sunday in Advent: *Schwingt freudig euch empor* ("Soar joyfully on high,") in which—be it said in passing—not a single recitative occurs. The cantata consists of two parts, of which the first treats of the coming of the Lord into the world, the second of his coming into the believing heart of man. In this second part—in a somewhat loosely connected train of thoughts—occurs our Aria. Its text runs:

"Auch mit gedämpften schwachen Stimmen
Wird Gottes majestät verehrt;
Denn schaltet nur der Geist dabei,
So ist ihm solches ein Geschrei
Das er im Himmel selber hört."

(So with subdued and feeble voices
We God's great majesty revere;
For soundeth but the soul therein,
It swells to such melodious din,
That He in heaven himself may hear.)

It begins in G major. The *Ritornel* commences with a short and very feeling motive (a), which is at once carried out in a varied form (b), and then gives place to a rocking, lovely sound-

ing figure in broken chords (c); and then (d), a broad cadenza-like passage in noble and beautifully floating forms. The whole has a certain childlike sense of awe in it, and wonderful loveliness with touching humility; it is as if the soul in praising the divine majesty, could find neither beginning nor end. These broad airy forms strain the imagination into an illimitable remoteness, like a summer night's sky sown with stars. (O.)

The voice takes now for the first time a short advance, imitating rather closely the beginning of the *Ritornel*, so that the accompaniment is opposed to it more independently and as it were duet-like; this proceeds two bars further with the figure (quoted under c), but then turns suddenly back to the beginning; and now for the first time begins a longer execution, which at the outset follows the harmonic development already indicated by the *Ritornel*, but which in the accompaniment contains new figural work, partly through a different position and arrangement of the matter in hand, partly through abbreviations and required by the conduct of the voice part; this in fact stands in an extremely elegant and graceful reciprocity with that, alternating and combining with it, filling it out and completing it. (P.)

Here is the first marked caesura of the clause; it is closely followed by a second half, in which the voice carries through in cadence form a variation of the fundamental motive which appears at the very outset—(Q.)—while the very basses gradually ascend in measured quaver beats, and the upper part of the accompaniment with ornamental figures twines alternately about the voice part. This development also soon leads into a concluding turn analogous to what has just been cited, only the relation between voice and accompaniment is reversed. The whole clause ends with the *Ritornel* in G major.

It is characteristic in this sentence, that there occurs no real modulation into a related key, as there does usually—a proof, how little Bach allowed himself to be fettered by any formal scheme. In this case it seems hardly to be doubted, that with such broad laying out of the Aria in reference to the text: "So with subdued and feeble voices," he has kept the modulation as simple as possible. And yet what a fullness of sound reigns in it!

But now the middle sentence: "For soundeth but the soul therein," &c., shows the richest variety in the fitting together of parts, in modulation and melodic phrasing. It consists of two parallel clauses, each of which is introduced by a shorter prefix, containing the new motive; from this, both times, the accompaniment leads through the first motive over into the principal parts of the sentence. The first clause modulates out of the parallel key (E minor) to B minor; the second from B minor to D minor. The voice, with the accompaniment following like an echo on its heels, begins with the beautiful and noble motive: (R.)

This motive develops itself in the principal portion, which now follows upon the word "*schallet*" ("soundeth,") an incomparably grand, and variously interrupted *coloratur*, which is faithfully imitated, almost tone for tone, by the accompaniment, so that the "*dabei*," (therein) of the soul-inspired sound seems most naively hinted: (S.)

The words: "*So ist ihm solches*," &c., are now expressed by the following transformations of the of the motive; the accompaniment has more-over figures from the first part: (T.)

Observe the fine caesuras, indicated by the declamation of the words, in this splendid melody; how characteristic, how noble it all is in thought and form! And how it lifts itself, what beautiful wave lines! A parallel, but heightened development appears also in the second clause of this sentence, which closes in D major. But to show what such a parallelism meant with Bach, compare the following example with the last: (U.)

Such intensified reassertions remind us, in their way, of Beethoven. And now follows the *Da capo*.

No doubt many would be disposed to regard the embellishments in the middle sentence as a rather coarse word painting. But no one will find, it so, who has attentively followed the whole preceding progress only in a musical point of view (compare the first two citations towards the end); for though in the variety of figures and of arabesques the poetic purport of the Aria might escape one, the musical unity, rounding and just sequence never could.

Finally, as an example of the Tenor Arias we will take No. 1. It is from the Cantata of the 16th Sunday after Trinity: *Wer Dank opfert, der preiset mich* ("Whoso offereth thanks, praiseth me,") and stands there in the following connection. The ground thought of the gospel for the day, of the ten lepers, gratitude, is first presented as a wholesome duty by the congregation in a choral movement: "Whoso offereth thanks, praiseth me, and that is the way that I show him my salvation." Ps. L. 23. An Alto recitative then shows, how the world, with the creatures, praises the majesty of God; then as if responding, a soprano Aria shows how man, who can discern God's great goodness and love in his works is especially pledged to thankfulness, the more since God in thankfulness, will point out the way of salvation. And now, in a second Part, the Evangelist (Tenor solo) recites the scripture example of true gratitude from the Gospel (Luke xvii. 15 and 16), and then follows our Tenor Aria, which evidently is supposed to be sung by the Samaritan:

Welch Ueberrass der Güte
Schenkt du mir,
Und was gibt mein Gemüthe
Dir dafür?
Herr, ich weiss sonst nichts zu bringen,
Als dir Dank und Lob zu singen.

(What overflowing measure
Thine to me!
And hath my soul a treasure

Meet for thee?
Lord, I know nought else to bring thee,
But with thanks and praise to sing thee.")

It was a happy thought of the editor, to incorporate in his work several examples of Bach's recitative, like this before us. For next to the Chorals, these are perhaps the best adapted to bring us in immediate contact with Bach's spirit. In the more artfully constructed movements, the very richness of forms may make the poetry less obvious to an unpractised ear; but the recitatives, in which the fancy wanders free, with ever new creative energy, are the most efficient means to win one also to a trust in the inward truth and necessity of Bach's other forms. In none of his various kinds of compositions does he stand so near to the curt and concise expression of the modern lyric style as here; nowhere also with him does the individual element stand out so independently; and certainly the great *Passionsmusik* owes a chief part of its general recognition and admiration to its incomparably fine recitatives. Indeed his recitative has more variety than any other, both in its character and in its application. Now it is narrative, and in this case assigned to the Evangelist (Tenor solo); now lyrical, now contemplative; now it makes its appearance in the midst of a figured chorus movement; now it interrupts the strophes of a Choral; now it alternates with the *Arioso*, &c. Frequently the Recitative itself approaches the character of the *Arioso*, and then it is accompanied by the orchestra, but commonly only with the organ. Melodious richness, beautifully phrased, expressive declamation, striking harmonic shading, interpenetration of word and tone—such are the unattainable excellencies of all Bach's Recitatives.

The Aria, which joins itself on to the narrative recitative, sets out in D major. The *Ritornel* begins with a wonderful tender cantilena, full of childlike humility, touchingly heartfelt, which becomes the more intense through the repetition of the motive. (V.)

To this is added an answering motive, corresponding to it in all respects (a), by which we are taken into the Dominant key, which prevails until the end of the *Ritornel*. (b). (W.)

The voice now sets in, in D major and takes immediately the same course as the *Ritornel*; but towards the end (at c) its development extends itself into a new member of 4 bars, which is formed out of the principal motive and brings on the conclusion of the first clause; this consists of 3 members—each of 4 bars. It is characteristic in the conduct of the voice-part here, that it is treated at the close, as well as in some other passages, exactly like a middle voice; so that the principal melody lies in the accompaniment. But how finely this fits the whole expression of the Aria! (X.)

To this is joined the second part of the *Ritornel*; and corresponding to the words of the text: *Doch was gibt mein Gemüthe dir dafür*. ("But hath my soul a treasure meet for thee?"), the second clause begins with a countermotive closely corresponding to the principal motive. (Y.)

We are already in the parallel key, although this clause belongs too much to the anterior sentence to form a middle sentence, since it contains nothing essentially new. But here it evidently serves for the most faithful rendering of the text. For the antithesis and the reproach-

ful question, which it contains, could not be rendered by the more positive Dominant of the key; but very well by the parallel B minor, especially when, as here, all three members of the clause end at the word "*dafür*" ("for thee") on the Dominant or B minor. What a significant index this passage offers for Bach's portrayal of thought! Add to which, that, as one easily sees, the 3 members follow in constant climax one upon another. The first member is already cited; here follow 2 and 3. (Z.)

Again follows the second part of the *Ritornel* (in B minor), already begun in the citation before made (at a), which leads to the third clause of the Aria, the middle sentence,—if this piece may be called so, for it is very short, and gains no close in a distinct key, but rather in its whole character forms a transition and remains floating on the Dominant in D major. It consists of a rising sequence. The voice sets in in a most genial manner. (Aa.)

The accompaniment adds immediately the concluding sentence, which agrees with the first clause of the Aria even to the key of the second half—of course, but has not the same text, but reserves the last member: "Lord," &c. Again the voice makes a splendid entrance, varies its theme more and more earnestly, and progresses most characteristically. (Bb.)

The Aria then concludes with the *Ritornel*.

* The letters O, P, &c., refer to the musical illustrations which may be given with the last number of this article. Our readers meanwhile can refer to the aria itself.

Hector Berlioz.

Music, of all the arts, is one which appeals more directly to the masses. Yet music is a modern art. The ancients, even the Greeks the most refined among the ancients, knew comparatively little of music. Music dates from the Christian era. The religion of the ancients was positive, tangible, sensual, with them every passion that for the instant ruled the breast, was raised on a pedestal and magnified into a god. And who were the gods of the ancients, put up for worship on their altars. The images of their heroes, the statues of their women, whose beauty and whose charms had subjugated the generation in which they lived. Positive and sensual sculpture was the great art of the ancient world, whilst from the doctrines of what is called Christianity or spiritualism arose poetry made sound, which we called music. The musical scale owes its origin to a monk; not that the peculiar traditions of the Christian doctrine were favorable to the poetic or the sublime, but that the ascetic, spiritual life, its tenets advocated, were favorable to inspiration and to the ideal. The sculptor of the ancients, idealize as he might, to create a God, did not produce a tangible image of man. Music was the spiritual art, ascending to Heaven in no visible form, the art created by the worshippers of an invisible God, an art that is but a mysterious sound, produced by no visible agency; vanishing, dying away into infinite space, brief, unexplained, as life itself. Language in its thousand delicacies, with its trumpet-tongued eloquence may convey to the world all the logic of the mind, all the strength of passion, all the feelings of the heart, but music begins at the point where words lose their power, for music is the language of that divine element which in one being (to the materialist) has no existence, but which is one very being by itself, the soul. Hence the charm music possesses for the sensitive, for the imaginative, for those who aspire to a sphere above. Hence its loss of power over positive natures, logicians, and men whose religion is the monotony of the church, and whose idol secretly enshrined is the splendor and triumph of their present stage of existence. Hence the power of music over the masses, over the

people, for amongst those in our days are to be found the romantic, the ideal, and a deep fount of sadness, for here, above all, since civilization has enfranchised and education refined aspirations in accordance with feelings, and not with their lives.

Of all musicians who have comprehended this mission of music, Hector Berlioz takes the first rank. He has written not exclusively for the class who have desecrated Opera, by making it a fashion, rather than the highest form of art. He has written for the people, and has written for them works in conception and execution as great as themselves.

Twenty-five years ago, Berlioz, taking Gluck, Weber, Spontini, and Beethoven, if not for his models, at least for his instructors, originated a music full of power, passion and originality, gigantic and grand in its details, which greeted by the critics with contempt and sarcasm, was received by the masses with enthusiasm not altogether unmixed with awe. The critical public, in its first greetings of Hector Berlioz' grand conceptions, was appalled at a score which required a hundred and fifty musicians and five hundred voices. Appalled, too, was it, and lost in amaze at the poet musician who could pretend with sound, mere sounds, without words, to portray the passion of Romeo, the jealousy of the Moor, or the insanity of Lear. But the century which, in painting, produced Delacroix, in poetry Hugo, in moral metaphysics Georges Sand, in personal analysis, Michelet, in political philosophy Coaine and Lammenais, whilst Liszt and Chopin played, Rachel infused passion into Racine and Corneille, and Malibran sighed away her soul in sound at once of earth and Heaven, could not fail at last to comprehend and when it had comprehended, to appreciate, the maelstrom of romanticism, (we use romanticism to avoid romantic, in its weak and morbid acceptance), so full of all the sympathies that touched the great, the noble, the divine, measuring in our souls depth through the world's sordid strife, as does the limpid stream pursue through heavy, rank, and tangled underbrush, its way in the primal forests.

Hector Berlioz was born on the 11th of December 1803, at La Cote St. Andre in the Department of Iere, which is situated in the Southeast of France, on the frontier of Savoy. Berlioz's father was a physician, who, if he left no memorial of his medical science has left in this province which he inhabited, a reputation of penurious parsimony, interspersed with grotesque anecdotes to prove it, which few in his time have surpassed. Such a nature as this, restricted and narrow in itself, and besides bound down by all the narrow prejudices of provincial life, was not likely to understand the musical vocation of his son, or his artistic aspirations. Hector was, therefore, put diligently to the study of medicine, and like all students, sent to the medical schools of Paris.

Here, leaving aside Broussais and Riohesande, who were his professors, forsaking the dissecting room and its nauseating wonders, Berlioz rushed to the Conservatoire, and in the works of the great masters studied that art which was destined to give him both celebrity and fortune. He began long before he was well inducted into the mysteries of counterpoint and thoroughbass, to write symphonies, overtures, and even operas, but these were not fair prognostics of his future career. Inspiration and genius, untamed by knowledge and science, lead but to confusion and disorder. The trees that put forth their fruit blossoms in early spring, bear no fruit. So it was fortunate for Berlioz that he was not exalted in a precocious prodigy, or flattered by injudicious friends into conceited, self-satisfied mediocrity.

For some months Berlioz pursued his vocation uninterruptedly; then all at once, apprized by some meddling gossip, his father came to Paris, rescued him from the perdition of an ideal art, and took him back to his native town to plunk him into the positive science of surgery, chemistry and medicine. Berlioz, however, could not long endure this probation. Certain of not obtain-

ing leave of absence from his father, he stole away silently from home, and repaired to Paris. When he arrived there, he had two hundred francs in his pocket, his whole fortune, both present and future, for he was fully aware that his father would suppress the allowance he had hitherto made him as a student of medicine. Nothing daunted, however, he entered the Conservatoire, maintaining himself in his hours not occupied by study, by giving flute and guitar lessons.

Thrown at the Conservatoire amongst artists and musicians, Hector Berlioz was not long in forming acquaintances which, from sympathy of pursuits and taste, soon ripened into friendships. Amongst them were men of some influence, who, growing enthusiastic over the young composer, contrived to get up a concert for him at the Italian opera, the programme of which consists entirely of his works. The orchestra of the Italian opera, however, had no sympathy with unknown genius, or with innovators. Bound by the terms of their engagement to play only until midnight, as that hour struck they rose spontaneously, laid down their instruments and quitted the theatre, leaving the composer's "Death of Orpheus" in the very midst of a pathetic strain, on a suspended seventh.

The critics took advantage of this agreeable practical joke to declare that Berlioz's music was so execrable that it put even the orchestra to flight, whilst the public, profoundly mystified, was undecided as to what verdict to give, and was thoroughly prepared to forget even the young musician's name.

But this interrupted harmony was destined to have a great influence over his destiny, for it was at this concert that he first saw the woman who became for some years the muse of his inspiration, and finally his wife.

The Theatre Italien had been engaged on "off nights" by an adventurous company of English actors, Abbott and Cooper being the principal tragedians, whilst Miss Smithson enacted the tragic heroines.

This lady was a woman of extraordinary beauty, though of largely developed proportions, even in her youngest days.

The London public had never condescended to test her dramatic powers, though she had for several seasons secured an engagement for the queens and princesses of three Christmas pieces.

She made her debut in Paris in the part of Jane Shore, and the Parisians immediately declared her to be an artist of the highest order. At that time (about thirty years ago) England and France had not so completely patronized English women, and English beauty had a certain novelty for Parisians, and Miss Smithson's youth and beauty coming to her aid, she soon became a dramatic celebrity.

It was at this luckless concert that Berlioz first saw her, and that at first sight she inspired him with an overwhelming passion.

Although Miss Smithson has long fallen into dramatic insignificance, and is long since (*artistically*) forgotten, though she may still live in her husband's memory, for she has been dead some years; at the time Berlioz first saw her she was a beauty and celebrity, courted and admired, and far above him, the poor aspiring and disappointed musician.

Under the influence of what he imagined was a hopeless passion, Berlioz wrote one of his finest compositions, his symphony *Fantastique*, which depicts in all its alternations of joy, grief, doubts and hope, the violent love which enthralled him.

Going to Italy immediately after this symphony was executed, once more brought him before the public. Berlioz spent some months in the campaign of Rome, guitar in hand, his gun slung on his shoulder, whilst his genius inspired by his heart was laying the foundation of future compositions.

He returned to Paris. Miss Smithson, from the high walks of English tragedy, had descended to one of the little boulevard theatres, called *le Theatre Nantique*, where she represented in dumb show syrens and Undines, and all sorts of water nymphs requiring personal beauty. Berlioz rescued her from this precarious position,

and henceforth Miss Smithson vanished from public life into the calm obscurity of marriage and home.

Berlioz now (in 1833) found means of executing his great compositions, and took his place among contemporary composers.

Paganini, who had heard in many of the great towns of Germany (never afraid to patronise a new idea) many of Berlioz's compositions, wrote to him suggesting to him to write a solo for the violin, giving him as his subject "Childe Harold in Italy." Berlioz executed this idea with true genius, for Byron's poetry breathes in the wailings of the violin far above the tumult of the orchestra, giving, as it were, life to the immortal verse.

When Paganini, who was personally unknown to Berlioz, first heard this symphony—we believe at Leipzig—he wrote him the following letter:

"Beethoven is dead; you alone have the genius to recall him to life. I owe to that genius the greatest pleasure I have ever enjoyed. I have just returned from hearing your 'Harold,' and, as a testimony of my regard and admiration, I desire your acceptance of the sum of twenty thousand francs, which has been placed to your account at Baron Rothschild's."

"Yours,

NICOLÒ PAGANINI."

Berlioz now rose in favor with the public and the government. He received an order to write a funeral mass for General Damremont and the officers that fell at Constantine, which was executed in the Chapel of the Invalides.

But the true spirit of his gigantic innovating genius was heard in its perfection only at the ceremony of the translation of the ashes of the victims of July, 1830, to the Place de la Bastille. There an orchestra of over one thousand performers, strengthened by all the bass instruments as novel as his music—the Saxe horn, the opheleide, and others—entranced to enthusiasm over ten thousand spectators.

In 1839, he composed his tragedy, without words, of "Romeo and Juliet." Berlioz was now sought by all the sovereigns of Europe. He went to Berlin, to Vienna, to Dresden, and it was whilst traveling to Germany that he wrote "The Judgment of Faust." He went to St. Petersburg and to Moscow, and everywhere received in triumph. Berlioz returned to France not only famous but rich. He was sent for to go to London, there to lead the concerts in Exeter Hall; and whilst in London he perpetrated a practical joke upon the musical world which fully compensated for all the absurd criticisms of which he had been made the victim. He produced an oratorio entitled "The Flight into Egypt," which he represented to be written by a musician of the seventeenth century, named Philippe Ducre—giving, at the same time, an account of how the music came into his possession.

The critics were in ecstasies. They prefaced their articles by learned eulogies on the simplicity of the style, wondering how such a maniac as Berlioz could appreciate its melody and its purity. Some even gave biographies of this newly discovered genius. Great was the laugh, great the consternation when Berlioz, having sufficiently enjoyed the joke, threw down the mask and confessed to his enemies as well as to his friends the composition of the great and successful work.

In the year 1855, Berlioz composed the Imperial Cantata sung at the Palais d'Industrie. There were twelve hundred instrumentists and eight hundred vocalists in this cantata, sung in this vast structure, as it were, to all the nations of the world at once. He has since written another cantata on the death of Napoleon I., entitled the Fifth of May. It is for bass voice with full chorus and orchestra. His minor compositions are numerous; he has written several admirable melodies in the style of Schubert, to words by Gautier, Hugo and Beranger, which are full of tenderness and expression.

Berlioz has been for some years the musical critic of the *Journal des Debats*. He has written several theoretical works on music, besides other lighter works concerning musicians, full of bold-

ness and irony. Berlioz is still a man of powerful frame, with a heavy, massive head; though a thorough man of the world, versed in all courtly manners, he is cold and reserved.

No man of genius ever met with greater opposition, none had ever more difficulties to surmount, more ridicule to overcome. It must be told to his credit that, spite of all this, never did he quail before public opinion—never once barter his convictions or his genius in exchange for popularity. He succeeded by the strength of genius and of will, in forcing the world into an appreciation of the new school he inaugurated without swerving the slightest iota from his own peculiar thought and style. Twenty years ago Berlioz's music was called the music of the future. Germany now calls Wagner's music the music of the future, whilst France, who has received it hisses and ridicule, characterizes it as Berlioz's music run mad.

Berlioz, as a critic, is inexorable and severe; naturally irascible, sensitive and violent, the persecutions he has endured have embittered him still further; he writes and criticises with the memory of the past before him. In private he is a man of the strictest honor and of most irreproachable morality.—*Phila. Sunday Transcript*.

The Organ.*

TWENTY-FIRST STUDY.—MUTATION STOPS.

These registers take their name from the way they are tuned. They are tuned to the third above the foundation tone of the organ, to the fifth, to the fifteenth or super-octave, and to other intervals; so that by touching the pipe C, for example, of a mutation-stop, we get the sound of the note E, or of that of G, or of some other interval, which is wholly different from the foundation note, and completely alters it. For this reason they are never used alone, but always with a very large supply of the foundation stops, and even then in so moderate a proportion with regard to them, that the tones of these last, far from being destroyed by them, may become all the more brilliant and more clearly brought out.

If this sort of proportion between them and the foundation-stops is not attended to, it is very evident their introduction into the organ would be a source of many evils. If the tones, for example, of the mutation and foundation stops were of equal power, it would at once become a question what was the real key-note of the instrument. The C of the foundation-stop sounding at the same time as the G of the mutation-stop, and each of these notes sounding one as loud as the other, the builder of the organ might affirm that C was the key-note of the instrument, a hearer of it might with as good reason affirm that it was G. Then what an abominable din would a piece of counterpoint be, which was full of nothing but a continuous sequence of fifths and octaves, thirds and fourths, and the like; combinations which imply some of the gravest offences against the most ordinary rules of the grammar of music.

Our forefathers, who in the middle ages invented the mutation stops, have been charged by modern writers with this very offence. But such writers made this charge possibly without being aware of this very necessary law of their existence to which we have just alluded, and most certainly without reflecting on it. They wrote of them merely on the abstract, and without bearing in mind that they always are, or always ought to be, so blended with the foundation-stops as to be, in some sense, not indeed put out by them, but at least so melted into one mass with them, that the hearer may be no more than just sensible of their presence. In such a blending as this the key-note of the foundation-stop always keeps its dominant position; and the note of the mutation-stop follows it as a companion naturally and almost necessarily attendant on it; but it no more quenches its sound or destroys its character than the alloy does that of the silver with which it is mingled. The alloy gives to the silver that hardness which does not naturally belong to it, but it in no way hinders it from being still the more precious and the more brilliant of the two metals.

We have already had occasion to notice, when speaking of different pressures of wind, that a strong pressure will so influence any particular pipe submitted to it, as to cause it to yield not only its own proper note, but also other concomitant sounds, and that these other sounds would remain hidden within, under a pressure of less power. We have also seen that in certain open pipes, the fifth and the octave accompany the tonic when these pipes are placed upon a strong pressure of wind, and that they lose

these two extra sounds, and retain only their tonic note, when this pressure is again reduced. These pipes, then, would seem to yield the sounds of the fifth and octave, according to a law which nature has given them, and in this case no one denies them the right to do so; no one accuses them of an offence against the most ordinary laws of musical composition. Why, then, we would ask, should less consideration be shown for the doctrine of mutation stops, which would seem to be nothing more than a filling up, so to say, of the outline, with which nature herself has provided us?

Not but what other explanations have been given of the origin of mutation-stops besides their being apparently in accordance with the laws of nature. Some writers say they find their origin in the harmonics left us by composers of the middle ages, and that as these composers did not think they were committing any fault against the grammar of music in writing sequences of fifths, octaves, or fourths, neither did the organ builders of those days when they made a register, which would in some sense be a stereotyping of such bad grammar. Others would bid us remember that from the very beginning of public worship the chant of the church, especially the people's song, was sung as such by them in unison. In process of time it came to be remarked that a fifth sounded continuously above all the notes of the leading melody, gave to the chant itself a new and original character, without at all lessening the effect of the unison, and that for the reason that this fifth was sung by one or two voices only against ten or twelve, or even more voices singing the chant in its proper place. The chant being the leading melody and the foundation, so to say, and always much louder than the other part, did not allow this part, which accompanied it at the distance of a fifth, to be heard more than as a sort of murmuring accompaniment, and received from it in turn a quality of tone which gave it a new character, but did not lessen its unison effect. This quality of tone was still further modified if instead of a fifth, a third or a fourth were taken, or some other interval. And as time went on, after an experiment had been made, and then another, other intervals were added to the accompaniment, such as the tenth, the twelfth, and the like, till at last more was added than was required even to complete the perfect chord; still, however, these combinations were always so well-proportioned to the part that was sung in unison, that the leading melody maintained throughout its dominant position. That such was the practice may be gathered from expressions used in the Bull of John 22d, where these words are to be met with, "We do not by any means intend to forbid the employment from time to time of certain consonances, such as octaves, fifths, and other like harmonies on the simple melody of the Church. Nevertheless, we grant their use, on the condition that the ecclesiastical chant still remains without any alteration or change." Our composers of *faux bordons* would do well to remind themselves of this Bull, they, or at least the chapel-masters, who are the cause of their being performed, for amidst the crash and clatter of their chords, even a practiced ear finds it difficult now-a-days to follow the leading melody, and the proportion between that and the other parts is no longer as it used to be as ten to one, but as one to ten.

To come then to the point. What singers attempted in the middle ages with the voice, has been since attempted in the construction of the organ, so that above a melody executed in unison by six or ten, or twenty foundation stops, organ builders have invented a plan by which they place at the disposal of the organist, several other registers timed a fifth, a third, a twelfth, a fifteenth, and the like, above the foundation stops. Then as these stops were found to answer, and when used together, to add materially to the organ tone, a register was invented in which some, or all of these stops were made to sound at the same time. This register the French builders called a *Furniture*, but the Germans, following, perhaps, the genius of their own language, called it by a more expressive name, a *Mixture*.

Again, it is urged that the first of all rules for determining what is good in music is the ear, not indeed the uneducated ear, but the ear of the well-trained musician. Now musicians, even the most difficult to please, those even whose sense of hearing might be supposed to be almost worn out with the constant hearing of musical sounds, the greatest professors of their art, one and all proclaim most loudly that the combinations resulting from the mutation stops far from offending the ear, are a refreshment to it, and of great use, in music, as giving fresh vigor and strength to the harmony. This was long ago the opinion of the great master of the French school of organ building, Dom Bédos, who did not hesitate to express his admiration of the effects of furnitures

and full mixtures in the most unqualified manner. It is the ignorant alone, and persons who have not the ear to appreciate musical sounds, who arm themselves against the mutation stops with a law, the very meaning of which they do not understand, and set themselves against effects in them, which, in the judgment of those better qualified to have an opinion in such matters than themselves, ought not to give offence to the ear of even the most fastidious.

We would even go a step further, and at the risk of starting a theory, which may seem to some persons new, state our conviction that the laws of the mutation-stops are in accordance also with those of the human voice. Our own observations, at least, could lead us to think that the human voice is not the utterance of one single note only, but of a sound which is composed of several notes taken from a common chord, so that in the voice of one person it is the fifth of this chord which more especially prevails; in that of another it is either the third or the octave. If this is really so, we have the best argument in the world for saying that the doctrine of the mutation-stops is a true one; and that if in any case, such stops are found to give offence, we should be disposed to say that this arises not from the fact of the doctrine being a false one, but because, in that particular instance, it has met with unskilful hands in the application of it.

The mutation-stops may be divided into two kinds those which produce but one sound, such as the fifth the third, the octave, the twelfth, or the like, and may therefore be called simple mutation-stops, and those which give utterance to several notes at once, as is the case with such registers as the cymbal, furnitures, and mixtures of whatever kind.

1. The first kind blends without any difficulty with the foundation-stops, into the full tones of which its own almost melts away. Its various registers are brilliant in proportion to the rapidity of the movement for which they are employed; and as their sounds are bright and piercing they are but little suited for sustained and legato passages. For some years past they have been singularly neglected by organ builders, and by some of them, who did not seem to be aware of their real value, they have been with great stupidity, wholly laid aside. Though it must be confessed that their disuse has been in great measure due also to the fact that many organ players of late have gone sadly astray from the path trodden by their predecessors, and, not understanding in consequence the art of registering with these stops, have then condemned them, because they found in them nothing to remind them of the orchestra of the theatre, with the sounds of which alone their ears are full. Organ-builders have also laid them aside because they said they had no other way left them of introducing a more modern quality of tone into the organ. This reason must be taken for what it is worth, but in our humble opinion they might have found a way of introducing their modern work into the organ without having recourse to so Gothic a way of proceeding with regard to the ancient. In matters of art, especially where art is the handmaid of religion, it is very important not to neglect received and time-honored traditions.

2. The other class of mutation stops, such as the cymbals, furnitures, and mixtures of all kinds, are multiple or compound in their structure, and have sometimes as many as twelve or sixteen pipes for each of their notes. This number will be still further increased by adding to them a greater or less number of the foundation stops. Their registers may be employed as well in brilliant movements as in those of a plaintive and sustained style. The small pipes, with which they are so abundantly furnished, are the cause of their great brightness of tone, and of that continuous clashing of their sounds one against the other, so charming to the genuine artist. In the hands of such an one, if he really understands their management, such sounds may be made to leap forth from them, that we can compare them to nothing less than glittering metal spangles, or to bright sparks of fire. These mutation stops may be also used to accompany voices, over which they may be said to assume a veritable empire. But even so, though holding them in subjection, they do at the same time most powerfully move them to put forth all their energies.

Would that our artists would study well and seriously the nature and construction of these mutation stops, and do their best to perpetuate their use, and to advance them to the greatest possible perfection of which they are capable. All the great men who have preceded them, and have been eminent either in the art of building, or of inventing stops for the organ, will serve as examples to encourage them in this. One such, Dom Bédos, has been already referred to as the head of the French school, and were we to go to the German schools, we should

not find one of their masters, and they are very numerous, who does not have recourse to this quality of tone to give additional expression to their compositions, even though otherwise of great merit.

* "L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu." PAR T. REGNIER.

THE ATLANTIC FOR SEPTEMBER contains "The Shakspeare Mystery," by Richard Grant White; "Sacharissa Melassys," a story by the late Theodore Winthrop; "My Odd Adventure with Junius Brutus Booth," by James Freeman Clarke; "My Out Door Study," by T. W. Higginson; "The Aquarium," by Dr. D. W. Cheever; "The Young Repealer," by Harriet Martineau; "Bread and the Newspaper," by Dr. O. W. Holmes; "The Advantages of Defeat," by Charles E. Norton; two additional chapters of Mrs. Stowe's "Agnes of Sorrento;" an excellent sketch of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by W. W. Story, "The Journal of a Privateersman," and several Poems. We extract the account of the

DEATH AND BURIAL OF MRS. BROWNING.

Mrs. Browning's illness was only of a week's duration. Having caught a severe cold of a more threatening nature than usual, medical skill was summoned; but, although anxiety in her behalf was necessarily felt, there was no whisper of great danger until the third or fourth night, when those who most loved her said they had never seen her so ill; on the following morning, however, she was better, and from that moment was thought to be improving in health. She herself believed this; and all had such confidence in her wondrous vitality, and the hope was so strong that God would spare her for still greater good, that a dark veil was drawn over what might be. It is often the case, where we are accustomed to associate constant suffering with dear friends, that we calmly look danger in the face without misgivings. So little did Mrs. Browning realize her critical condition, that, until the last day, she did not consider herself sufficiently indisposed to remain in bed, and then the precaution was accidental. So much encouraged did she feel with regard to herself, that, on this fatal evening, an intimate female friend was admitted to her bedside, and found her in good spirits, ready at pleasantry and willing to converse on all the old-loved subjects. Her ruling passion had prompted her to glance at the "Athenæum" and "Nation;" and when this friend repeated the opinions she had heard expressed by an acquaintance of the new Italian Premier, Ricasoli, to the effect that his policy and Cavour's were identical, Mrs. Browning "smiled like Italy," and thankfully replied, "I am glad of it; I thought so." Even then her thoughts were not of self. This near friend went away with no suspicion of what was soon to be a terrible reality. Mrs. Browning's own bright boy bade his mother good-night, cheered by her oft-repeated "I am better, dear, much better." Inquiring friends were made happy by these assurances.

One only watched her breathing through the night—he who for fifteen years had ministered to her with all the tenderness of a woman. It was a night devoid of suffering to her. As morning approached, and for two hours previous to the dread moment, she seemed to be in a partial ecstasy; and though not apparently conscious of the coming on of death, she gave her husband all those holy words of love, all the consolation of an oft-repeated blessing, whose value death has made priceless. Such moments are too sacred for the common pen, which pauses as the woman-poet raises herself up to die in the arms of her poet husband. He knew not that death had robbed him of his treasure, until the drooping form grew chill and froze his heart's blood.

At half past four, on the morning of the 29th of June, Elizabeth Barrett Browning died of congestion of the lungs. Her last words were, "It is beautiful!" God was merciful to the end, sparing her and hers the agony of a frenzied parting, giving proof to those who were left of the glory and happiness in store for her, by those few words, "It is beautiful!" The spirit could see its future mission even before shaking off the dust of the earth.

Gazing on her peaceful face with its eyes closed on us forever, our cry was her "Cry of the Human."

"We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed;
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, 'Be stronger-hearted!'
O God! to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!
To see a light upon such brows,
Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, O God!"

ar - mour of light,
waf - fen des lichts,

ar - mour of light,
waf - fen des lichts,

There - fore let us
Ab - le - gen die

ar - mour of light,
waf - fen des lichts,

ar - mour of light, and cast off the works of dark -
waf - fen des lichts, ab - le - gen die wer - ke der Fin - ster -

fp

There - fore let us cast off the
Ab - le - gen die wer - ke der

cast off the works of dark - ness, of dark
wer - ke der Fin - ster - niss, der Fin - ster -

and cast off the works of dark - ness,
Ab - le - gen die wer - ke der Fin - ster - niss,

- ness, of dark - ness,
- niss, der Fin - ster - niss,

fp

works of dark - ness, and an gird on the
Fin - ster - niss, und an le - gen die

- ness,
niss, let us
und an -

of dark - ness,
der Fin - ster - niss, *cres.*

of dark - ness, let us
der Fin - ster - niss, und an -

cres.

ar - mour of light, and gird on the ar - mour of
 waf - fen des lichts, an - le - gen die waf - fen des

gird on the ar - mour of light, let us gird on the ar - mour of
 le - gen die waf - fen des lichts, an - le - gen die waf - fen des

The night is de - part
 Die nacht ist ver - gan

gird on the ar - mour of light, let us gird on the
 le - gen die waf - fen des lichts, an - le - gen die waf - fen des

light, the ar - mour of light, The night
 lichts, die waf - fen des lichts, Die nacht

light, the ar - mour of light, The night
 lichts, die waf - fen des lichts, Die nacht

ing, de - part ing, the
 ged, ver - gan gen, die

ar - mour of light, The night
 waf - fen des lichts, Die nacht

is de - part ing, de - part
 ist ver - gan gen, ver - gan

is de - part ing, the night is de - part
 ist ver - gan gen, die nacht ist ver - gan

night, is de - part
 nacht, ist ver - gan

is de - part ing, de - part
 ist ver - gan gen, ver - gan

Con Bra.

57

ing, There - fore let us cast off the works... of dark - ster -
 gen, so lasst uns ab - le - gen die Wer - ke der Fin -

ing, There - fore let us cast off the works... of dark - ster -
 gen, so lasst uns ab - le - gen die Wer - ke der Fin -

ing, There - fore let us cast off the works... of dark - ster -
 gen, so lasst uns ab - le - gen die Wer - ke der Fin -

ing, There - fore let us cast off the works... of dark - ster -
 gen, so lasst uns ab - le - gen die Wer - ke der Fin -

ness, let us gird... on the ar - mour of light, the ar - mour of
 niss, und an - le - gen die waf - fen des lichts, die waf - fen des

ness, let us gird... on the ar - mour of light, the ar - mour of
 niss, und an - le - gen die waf - fen des lichts, die waf - fen des

ness, let us gird... on the ar - mour of light, the ar - mour of
 niss, und an - le - gen die waf - fen des lichts, die waf - fen des

works... of dark - ster - ness, let us gird on the ar - mour of
 Wer - ke der Fin - ster - niss, und an - le - gen die waf - fen des

light, the ar - mour of light, the ar - mour of
 lichts, die waf - fen des lichts, die waf - fen des

light, the ar - mour of light, let us gird on the
 lichts, die waf - fen des lichts, und er - grei - fen die

light, let us gird... on the ar -
 lichts, und er - grei - fen die waf -

light, the ar - mour of light, the ar - mour of
 lichts, die waf - fen des lichts, die waf - fen des

let us gird..... on the ar - - - mour, the ar - mour of
und er - grei - - - fen die waf - - - fen, die waf - fen des

ar waf - - - mour of light, let's gird on the ar - - - mour of
fen des lichts, er - - - grei - - - fen die waf - - - fen des

mour, the ar mour of light, the ar - - - mour of
fen, die waf - fen des lichts, die waf - - - fen des

let us
und er -

light,..... the ar - mour of light,..... the ar - - - mour of
lichts, die waf - fen des lichts, die waf - - - fen des

light,..... let's gird on the ar - mour of light,..... let's gird on the ar - mour of
lichts, er - grei - fen die waf - fen des lichts, er - grei - fen die waf - fen des

light, of light,..... let us gird on the ar - - - mour of
lichts, des lichts, un er - grei - fen die waf - - - fen des

gird on the ar - mour of light,..... the ar - - - - - mour of
grei - fen die waf - fen des die waf - - - - - fen des

light, let us gird..... on the ar - - - - - mour of light,
lichts, und er - grei - - - fen die waf - - - fen des lichts,

light, let us gird..... on the ar - - - - - mour of light,
lichts, und er - grei - - - fen die waf - - - fen des lichts,

light, let us gird..... on the ar - - - - - mour of light,
lichts, und er - grei - - - fen die waf - - - fen des lichts,

sf *sf* *sf*

On the evening of July 1st., the lovely English burying ground without the walls of Florence opened its gates to receive one more occupant. A band of English, Americans and Italians, sorrowing men and women, whose faces as well as dress were in mourning, gathered around the bier containing all that was mortal of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Who of those present will forget the solemn scene, made doubly impressive by the grief of the husband and son? "The sting of death is sin," said the clergyman. Sinless in life, her death, then, was without sting; and turning our thoughts inwardly, we murmured her prayers for the dead, and wished that they might have been her burial-service. We heard her post-voice saying:

"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

But the tears would fall, as they bore her up the hill, and lowered "His beloved" into her resting place, the grave. The sun itself was sinking to rest behind the western hills, and sent a farewell smile of love into the east, that it might glance on the lowering bier. The distant mountains hid their faces in a misty veil, and the tall cypress trees of the cemetery swayed and sighed as Nature's special mourners for her favored child; and there they are to stand keeping watch over her.

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly!
And I said in under-breath, All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?"

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly!
And I paused to think God's greatness flowed around our
incompleteness—
Round our restlessness, His rest."

Dust to dust—and the earth fell with a dull echo on the coffin. We gathered round to take one look, and saw a double grave, too large for her; may it wait long and patiently for him!

And now a mound of earth marks the spot where sleeps Elizabeth Barrett Browning. A white wreath to mark her woman's purity lies on her head; the laurel wreath of the poet lies at her feet; and friendly hands scatter white flowers over the grave of a week as symbols of the dead.

We feel as she wrote:

"God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols; and, albeit,
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their whiteness,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty, glorified,
New Memmons singing in the great God light."

Death of Catharine Hayes.

The latest foreign despatches bring us the intelligence of the death of the celebrated singer Catharine Hayes. She was born in Limerick, Ireland, in the year 1820. Her parents were poor, and her childhood was passed in severe privations. At the age of twelve, however, her fine soprano voice began developing itself, and for hours at a time she grew accustomed to entertain little groups of her playmates with the singing of Irish ballads, which she had learned without any teacher save genius and memory.

A distinguished musical amateur among the cultivated women of Limerick heard of her, and determined to educate her rare gift. While receiving instruction from this lady, she went to visit one of her aged relatives, who lived in the family of the Earl of Limerick. As she sat singing one day in her old friend's arbor, on the banks of the Shannon, boat after boat full of pleasers arrested their oars to hear her, and when she finished her final trill, the Bishop of Limerick, himself a great lover of art, came ashore and invited her to the Episcopal palace.

From that hour he was her steady friend. He gave frequent reunions at his palace for the display of her voice, and instituted a subscription among his influential friends, which resulted in a sum sufficient to place her in the family and under the instructing care of Signor Sapio, a renowned Italian music-teacher in Dublin. Here she remained for three years, practising without stint, and occasionally singing in public, until her celebrity enabled her to ask ten guineas for an appearance.

In 1839, having heard Mario and Grisi in Dublin, she became so fascinated with the lyric stage, that she immediately set out for Paris, and put her training into the hands of Emanuel Garcia, the master of Malibran and Jenny Lind. In 1841 she repaired to Milan to complete her dramatic culture under Ronconi, and in 1845 made her debut in "Puritani," at the opera-house of Marselles.

Her next engagement was as prima donna at La Scala, in Milan. Here she first appeared as Linda,

and was called twelve times before the curtain. In 1846 she went to Vienna, and next year to Venice, and thenceforth made a sort of triumphal progress through the Italian cities.

In 1849 London enthusiastically affirmed for her the verdict of the Continent. At Covent Garden she recognized from the stage her old benefactor, the Bishop of Limerick, and hurrying to his box after the performance, fell upon her knees, and with tears thanked him for all the success she had ever enjoyed.

In 1851 Miss Hayes came to America, and after the brilliant seasons here, which most New Yorkers remember, started with excellent acceptance through the country, and finally visited those impressive sons of California who, at the close of each evening, used to toss their nuggets to her on the stage. She afterwards visited Australia and British India, everywhere meeting a sustained success. In 1857 she was married to William A. Bushnell of New York.

Miss Hayes' finest operatic rôles were Lucia and Linda, but her strong point was always in her own native ballads, "Kathleen Mavourneen" and the like, where her memory must long stand unrivalled. —N. Y. Evening Post.

Hints to Musical Misses.

Of course in this wondrous age of ours everybody is expected to sing scientifically, and to play, moreover, upon some musical instrument. You are, therefore, almost sure to be called upon for a specimen of your abilities at every party you attend. When asked, comply at once; by so doing any error you may make will be the more readily overlooked. One apology such as this "I will readily comply with your wishes, but I must claim your extreme indulgence," is worth more than a bushel of those stereotyped excuses which affected young ladies are always well supplied with. If you sing, do so without grimaces. A really simple thing to do, a thousand tongues will answer. A very powerful contradiction appears, however, in the fact that many of our greatest, or at any rate most popular, singers, pull shocking faces while charming the spell-bound audiences with their silvery tones. Put a looking-glass before you when you are singing at home, and you will scarce credit that that smiling, dimpled face could ever have looked so crabbed. Practice your voice three or four times daily, not longer than a quarter of an hour each time. As to what to practice, I should recommend scales, to the syllable "Ah," and secondly, songs, which must be good. In your choice, steer clear of that palsied, lack-a-daisy rubbish which now floods every sentimental cabinet. Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn are not yet exhausted, and when they are, the roll of illustrious names is not small. Sing words, the import of which you know, whether they be Italian, English, or French, which for singing purposes I thus rank in order. Enunciate as you would in speaking, being careful to point out the lips for o's and oo's, to have a mouth in a smiling position for oh's, and the lips and teeth properly closed for e's and all such closed tones. Sing with freedom and true expression, the former obtain by diligent practice, and the latter by a proper appreciation of the words. Do not breathe audibly, nor imitate the duck in the storm, by turning up the white of your eyes. Attempt nothing in a mixed company but what you are perfect in, and perform all from memory, which, if a poor one, you can improve by exercising more freely. It is improving to attend carefully to the execution of the great artists; you get by so doing notions of style, which might otherwise never enter your mind. Accompany yourself at the piano, if possible, for it is seldom you meet with another person who feels the music as you do yourself. If you join in a duet, be careful not to drown your fellow singer, and do not indulge in florid passages to the detriment of both music and singer. If you have the slightest cold cease your daily practice; and if you wish to rid yourself of a hoarseness, take a little rum with the drippings from bacon in it (infallible), and talk very little. (There ladies, what do you think of those two remedies?)

If you play, do so without exaggerated motions. Sit gracefully but not stiffly; sufficiently high to allow your fore arm to incline downwards from the elbow to the keys. Keep your hands in a rounded position from the wrist, and never let your thumb fall below the key-board. Use sparingly the pedals, for they are better left alone than wrongly used. Banish that engulphing thought which swells the ambitious bosom of many a brilliant player of the present day, and which (there is every prospect of seeing realized) will lead them to victory, namely, the surpassing of Anderson and Bosco in feats of legerdemain. Music it is not, and every devout worshipper of Apollo will not let petitions and anathe-

mas suffice, but will put a shoulder to the wheel to uproot it. Do not attempt to scramble over every key the piano possesses in less time than it would take a phlegmatic man to sneeze in, nor yet torture the poor keys after the fashion of a Rubinstein. Give me a legato "Lied" of Mendelssohn, or a refined accumulation of heaven-born chords of Beethoven, to all the double-dotted semiquaver "splash" of a thousand Rubinstains. Play nothing in public but what you are sure of. Confidence is one-half the playing. A sure way of getting this, is by playing as often as convenient before a few select friends at home; there you have an opportunity to detect weak points. These you should build up into strong ones by incessant application. Nothing will be done without this, you may depend. The best way to conquer difficulties is to meet them boldly, attack them, and conquer them.

Yesterday the writer practiced ten hours, two of which were spent upon a single phrase about two lines long. Commence your practice with scales every morning. (Pleasant!) This will supple the joints and invigorate them for what is to follow. Three or four hours most masters advise as the daily amount of work at the piano; but I find it an excellent plan to play till nature tells me to stop. After your head has ceased to play, allow your fingers the same privilege, for if the head does not work with the fingers it is but waste of time to remain at the piano. Be careful to sit with an erect back, as round shouldered players are by no means uncommon.

I should be very sorry to make a slave of any lady, but experience has taught me that to play in any sort of a passable manner, long, diligent and careful practice is indispensable.—J. G. T.—(English Paper.)

Musical Correspondence.

AURORA, CAYUGA LAKE N. Y., AUG. 26th, 1861.

—Is there not music in the ripple of the silver waters of this beautiful lake? Do not the birds sing with a more than natural energy in the noble trees that surround it, and is there not native musical talent enough in this lively village to make up a letter for "Dwight." The "Wandering Minstrel" hears your acquiescence and has courage to proceed. Leaving the hot and tired metropolis in the 7 o'clock morning train, Erie Railroad (which by the way, gives its patrons a very fine car for ladies and their fortunate male attendants, but condemns gentlemen who travel alone to a second class arrangement, which is not particularly conducive to excessive popularity and which may with reason be growled at and not tried again) you arrive at the beautifully located town of Ithaca (at the head of the Cayuga Lake) in time for an excellent supper at the Clinton House and after a good sleep, you take the morning boat (the "Kate Morgan") and winding down the lake, reach this gem of villages at ten. Aurora is in the midst of the finest bit of picturesque agricultural happiness to be conceived of. Such glorious farms dot along the Shore, beautiful trees relieving the fields of grain, with here and there a bit of forest shading the picture and completing the landscape. Aurora (what a sweet name for a village on a lake) has one street, running lovingly along the water, on each side of which are residences that remind one of the suburban villas of your own goodly Boston. Here nature and Art meet together, for the people are citizens in refinement, and true villagers in simple, liberal and elegant hospitality. The gardens bordering the shore are more than charming. Most of the proprietors have their winged and web-footed travellers, and one good friend (as celebrated in literary circles, as he is kind and good and whose delightful home fairly kisses the waters) almost lives in his "Lotus," his fleet little yacht; it is his Post Office messenger, his carriage for soirées, his horse, his friend, and above all happiness to those, who sail with "Bogart," skipper par excellence, so here's to the "Lotus" and the fair cargoes she carries. With such and other aquatic accommodations your humble servant has boated and sailed, till his nose is red, his hands black and his heart contented—for the present. Nor have we lacked for music, for the

pianos are plentiful and good, and many sets of pretty and nimble fingers have proved Aurora to be a musical village, so the charms increase. Here have we talked Beethoven and Mozart as we skimmed over the wave, here have the glories of Weber, Mendelssohn, Bach and Rossini, yes and the not to be sneezed at triumphs of modern Verdi been thoroughly canvassed and played at, amid the not less glorious harvest and good cheer of sensible, happy and beautiful Aurora, the queen of the lake. But for the *grande attraction*, here is the summer home of Palmer the sculptor and while the unfortunate "Baggs" is stealing an hour from the night to let off his enthusiasm, the illustrious artist, not ten feet away from him is quietly sleeping, while the lake sings its rippling lullaby and tells us we ought to have been in bed long ago. Palmer is the most genial and approachable of Artists and is of course the centre of society during the summer months, and as he adorns it with commanding presence and interesting conversation (so instructive to the art lover), so is the beauty and talent of Aurora a fit setting to a ray of genius as brilliant of his. Palmer's heart is here, for it is amid this kind of refined country life (by a lake) that true genius thrives and ideas grow. Here Palmer has conceived some of his loveliest creations and here will he pitch his tent, after a few more years of city toil, and we should like the job ourselves, in case the tent were ours, as our intentions are thus sensible, for we love the place (at sight) and the people and their attentions will never be forgotten. They know what true comfort is, and with a full knowledge of citizenship choose rather the bright "Cayuga" and its surroundings and with their charming homes and means of rational enjoyment, live contentedly and the longer and have such an effect on all visitors, as to make them almost as enthusiastic as he who hastily pens you these sketchy impressions and who is sometimes known to your readers as

JEM BAGGS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 7. 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Musical Chit-Chat.

ORGAN CONCERTS.—The notice in another column, of the Organ Concerts in Leeds, (England), reminds us of a request made some time ago by a correspondent, that we should suggest to the organists of this city the expediency of giving such a series occasionally here. The success that has attended the English concerts, seems to indicate that such entertainments would not be unacceptable in a musical community, and in more propitious times, we should most warmly urge the trying of the experiment. The only place suitable for such concerts at the present time is the Tremont Temple, but, when the Music Hall has received the new organ, we doubt not that we shall have them. Then we shall hope to hear Mr. Paine, of whose attainments and accomplishments we have been told so much.

We have heard, by the way, that the Music Hall organ is now about completed, and is only awaiting more prosperous times for its entire completion and erection.

We learn that Miss Adelaide Phillips (contralto) is in Paris, where we hope that she may be heard in opera. No one of our American *prime donne* is more thoroughly accomplished than she in all that is requisite for a brilliant success upon the lyric stage, and we anticipate for her in Europe a renewal of her triumphs in this country and in Havana. We see no reason to doubt a success scarce less than that attained by Mlle. Patti.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.—We learn that the books in the Upper hall are now open to the public. An index to the Catalogue has been published recently, and from a notice of this work in the *Transcript*, we copy the following account of the musical additions to the library, obtained through the efforts of Mr. Thayer, (our *Diarist*).

The article mentioned gives the following extract from the report of the Superintendent for 1859.

Among the presents of Mr. Bates, this year, is a collection of about 500 works relating to the history, science and art of music, forming a library in this department, of which any institution in the world might be proud. It was procured through the intelligent and zealous intervention of a citizen of Boston, Mr. A. W. Thayer, whose name deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by the cultivators of this delightful art in our city. The basis of the collection was the library of the late M. de Kondeika, which was advertised to be sold by auction at Berlin in January last, and of which it was well said in the advertisement—"Any one knowing the extreme rarity of books of music, particularly of the 15th and 16th centuries, will be surprised at the richness of this collection. The zeal of a learned amateur, aided by the most favorable opportunities, served to bring together, in the space of forty years, this choice collection of books, among which the late Mr. Dehn, the profound connoisseur in musical literature discovered, several which were before unknown to him."

The writer proceeds to say that,

"To the Kondeika Library Mr. Thayer added more than one hundred volumes, to render the department more complete. The collection contains most of the early printed musical works of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, some of which have become extremely rare. It has, besides these, many later works of excellence. In connection with it should be mentioned twenty eight quarto volumes of manuscript music selected and copied by Prof. S. W. Dehn, late Custos of the musical collection of the Royal Library of Berlin. This selection was made for the library at Mr. Bates' request, under the direction of Mr. Ticknor, from the best published and unpublished musical compositions of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, in the Royal Library of Berlin. It was one of the last and one of the best works of an accomplished and lamented connoisseur."

CONTRABAND SINGING.—It is one of the most striking incidents of this war to listen to the singing of the groups of colored people in Fortress Monroe, who gather at their resorts after nightfall. Last evening, having occasion to "visit" an officer of the garrison sick in his tent, I passed around by the fortress chapel and adjacent yard, where most of the "contraband" tents are spread. There were hundreds of men of all ages scattered around. In one tent they were singing in order, one man leading, as extemporaneous chorister, while some ten or twelve others joined in the chorus. The hymn was long and plaintive, as usual, and the air was one of the sweetest minors I ever listened to. It would have touched many a heart if sung in the audiences who appreciate the simple melody of nature, fresh and warm from the heart. One verse ran thus:

"Shout along, children!
Shout along, children!
Hear the dying Lamb:
Oh! take your nets and follow me
For I died for you upon the tree!
Shout along, children!
Shout along, children!
Hear the dying Lamb!"

There was no confusion, no uproar, no discord—all was as tender and harmonious as the symphony of an organ.

Passing into the yard, I found a large company standing in the open air round a slow fire. One young man sat on the end of a rude seat, "with a little book in the hand." It had been much fingered, and he was stooping down towards the dim blaze of the fire, to make out the words, as he lined them for the singers. Where he had learned to read I know not, but where some of his companions will learn to read I do know. The singers were dressed in all manner of garbs and stood leaning around in all kinds of attitudes. As the reader progressed one young man threw a few fresh hoops on the fire, and then as the reading became more distinct, I caught the words:

"Could I but climb on Pilegah's top
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
At my dear Lord's command.
"This living grace on earth we owe,
To Jesus' dying love:
We would be only his below,
And reign with him above."

At this moment the tattoo drum sounded the parade, and a distant bugle reminded me of my duty in another direction. With a word of counsel to the company, and a gentle encouragement, I withdrew.

Who shall dare say that these fellow-inheritors with us of the image of the Father and the love of the Son are fit only to be slaves?—C. W. D.—*N. Y. Com. Ad.*

ESSENTIALS OF SONG.—All the best song-writers, whose songs live either in the ear or the heart of the people, have been musicians. Carey, Dibdin, Moore, even Burns—who could not read musical notation, but who "crooned" over the fields, or rocking himself in his chair, the melodies to which he was to give a new lease of fame, had either a natural or an acquired knowledge of music. Burns had less than Moore, Carey, or Dibdin; but he had an excellent ear, which was more than an equivalent for the defects of his musical education. But the ignorance, in this respect, of the great mass of lyrical writers, it is doubtless the main cause why the musical composers of past and present times have descended to the lowest walks of literature in search of songs. The musician knows, though the poet is sometimes ignorant of the fact, that the song which is beautiful to read may be harsh to sing, from the multiplicity of consonants, each tripping up the heels of the other, and from the constant and disagreeable sibilations of the English language. To the composer, the Italian language, with its abundant terminal vowels, is the perfection of human speech. For the same reason the Scottish dialect, which has a greater number of vowels than the more classical speech of England, is more suited to music than many effusions of the best English poets. The lines of the well known Negro song—

"Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me;
I'm going to Alabama
With my banjo on my knee."

almost every word of which ends with a vowel, are more available for vocal music than sound sense and high philosophy, than the choicest flights of wit or fancy, expressed by words encumbered with many consonants. It was Madame de Stael who averred that music was a glorious utility, musicians have but too often endeavored to verify the saying, when they have ignored or despised the aid of what they call "words." Our modern composers do not always consider that a song without meaning is like a body without a soul; and our modern vocalists, private and public, add to the mischief, and sing songs, both in the drawing-room and on the stage, without giving their listeners the remotest chance of discovering whether they are singing English, Italian, Hebrew or Chinese; and as if it were part of their purpose to conceal both the meaning and the language of the poet.

NEW CHURCH ORGAN AT JAMAICA PLAIN.—Seldom have the lovers of organ music been more highly gratified than those who were present last evening at the exhibition of this noblest of instruments, just completed for the St. John's (Episcopal) Church, West Roxbury, by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook. It has 10 stops in the great organ, 11 in the swell, double open and double dulciana pedals, 6 couplers, in all 28 stops. The case is of black walnut, of Gothic design, and, in connection with the new projecting gallery, adds much to the inside character of the church. The organ was skillfully and beautifully illustrated by J. H. Willecox, Esq., who displayed a versatility of talent which both charmed and astonished the audience, as he exhibited the power, grandeur and sweetness of the instrument, in various compositions, winning the highest meed of praise for both the builders and player.

After listening to such splendid harmonies, who is there that will not agree with Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, in speaking of the Messrs. Hook's organs, "The elements of power and delicacy are wonderfully harmonized, and those who order an organ from their manufactory, may be sure of receiving the full worth of their money."

The Messrs. Hook have now an organ in each of the four churches in this village, all fine instruments—the largest being that of the Unitarian Church, which under the care of the organist who so satisfactorily presided at this splendid instrument, has obtained the high character it so richly merits.

St. John's Church, under the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Babcock, is in a more flourishing condition than most other churches, being now entirely independent of debt, which speaks volumes of the high character of the members, of this excellent society. Messrs. Hook have now nearly completed organs for West Church, Rev. Mr. Bartol's, Rev. Dr. Gannett's, Rev. Dr. Huntington's, the new Methodist, Tremont street, the Catholic at Springfield, and the North Congregational Church at Newburyport.—*Transcript*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

MR. EDITOR,—Has it ever occurred to you what a unique volume might be written on the life of a Country Music Teacher? We have often wondered at the neglect of such an unexplored mine of art-regions—the revelations of Uncle Tom's Cabin, would be nothing in comparison!

Of all the hard workers for their daily bread, under the sun, none are so miserable as they, who, having themselves musical talent and culture devote their time to attempting to instruct people incapable of receiving instruction.

To illustrate the latter statement, we give you here with a little anecdote which we were advised was "Good for Harper's"—but seemed to us, to be long more to the columns of the Journal of Music. May it serve as a warning to all ignorant teachers.

Some months ago, the writer of this article, had among her music scholars, one young girl of eighteen, who could not be made to understand the nature of rests in general, and quarter rests in particular. As the Instruction book in use did not contain many examples for practice, in this instance, we wrote a couple of short exercises on the rest, and carried them to our pupil. We thought at the time, she received them very coolly, and before the next music day, she sent word that she did not wish to take lessons of us any longer. We made out our moderate little bill—(country music teacher's bills are always moderate) and presented it to the young lady, with one of our politest smiles, and she declined to pay it.

"What, we exclaimed in astonishment. You cannot refuse such a small sum as that—we should do wrong to charge you less."

"Yes marm;" was the reply. "You needn't think I am going to be imposed on, if I am a poor girl—I took lessons of gentlemen, before, and they did well by me, but I never had any teachers so ignorant that they had to write the notes down." And she actually threatened to bring the charge of ignorance against us in court, for having to write those exercises, and was highly indignant when we had our laugh on the spot!

Query.—If ignorance is bliss, must every one be allowed to inhabit a fool's paradise? DAISY.

New Publications.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS, by Charles Dickens. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 396 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

Of Dickens's last book it is almost idle to say anything now, for it has been read all over the world, for the last six months, and thousands upon thousands of readers have been, with us, impatiently waiting for the conclusion of the powerful and intricate plot which has so long fascinated them. We now, almost welcome its arrival with reluctance and regret that it has come to an end. High as the author's fame is, this book will add to it. It is published in nineteen different forms, and is the author's edition.

We have received from Leonard Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York:

The LONDON QUARTERLY for July, which contains the following articles; 1. Thomas de Quincey; 2. Montalembert on Western Monachism; 3. The English translators of Virgil; 4. Maine's Ancient Law; 5. Scottish Character; 6. Russia on the Amoor; 7. Cavour; 8. Democracy on Trial.

The EDINBURGH contains ten articles, of which the titles are as follows: 1. Popular Education in England; 2. Literary Remains of Albert Durer; 3. Carthage; 4. The Novels of Fernan Caballero; 5. Watson's Life of Porson; 6. The Countess of Albany, the last Stuarts, and Alfieri; 7. Buckle's Civilization in Spain and Scotland; 8. Du Chaillu's Adventures in Equatorial Africa; 9. Church Reformation in Italy; 10. Count Cavour.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for August contains the following articles: 1. Joseph Wolff; 2. On Manners; 3. Vaughan's Revolutions in English History; 4. Norman Sinclair—conclusion; 5. The Royal Academy and the Water-Color Societies; 6. Mad Dogs; 7. Another Minister's Autobiography; 8. Three Days in the Highlands.

Where else can one get so much good reading for so little money? Consider the variety of learning here condensed in the alembic of the leading minds of England with such care and study, and tell us

where else one can find such an epitome of the age as in these Reviews. The WESTMINSTER has not come to hand.

THE HUMAN EAR.—M. Fessel, of Cologne, on testing the new Parisian tuning fork, observed that he had heard differently with his two ears—the note heard with the right ear being somewhat higher than that heard with the left. On examining his musical friends he has not yet found one, even among part-musicians, whose ears are precisely alike in estimation of the pitch of musical tones. He conjectures that the reason for this difference in hearing is, probably, that the external passage of the ear is set in vibration modifies the pitch of the entering sound according to the form of the individual ear.

THE NEW SCIENCE OF PHONAUTOGRAPHY.—Among all the marvels of mechanical ingenuity which are daily being brought to perfection, none are more interesting than those which aim at the accomplishing of some task apparently requiring intellect, in addition to mere mechanical dexterity, for its execution. It is difficult to conceive a mechanical operation which requires a greater exercise of intellect than that of verbatim reporting by means of shorthand. Yet even this art seems likely, before long, to be supplanted. For several years a French savant M. L. Scott, has been engaged in experiments on the fixation of sound upon a prepared tablet, in the same way as photography fixes luminous images; and has met with considerable success in this new art, which he has named Phonautography. At the last sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, a short communication was made by the discoverer, in consequence of the publication of some experiments in the same direction made by other gentlemen. This communication was devoted chiefly to a description of certain illustrations laid before the members, and would be unintelligible to the general reader without the diagrams and a knowledge of what had previously been accomplished by Mr. Scott. The subject, however, being of immense importance, and likely now to attract great attention, and having ourselves watched its development for several years, as well as having had many opportunities of inspecting the photographic representations of sound autographically recorded by Mr. Scott's instrument, a short account of what has already been done by this physicist will perhaps be considered of interest.

The problem which first required solution was the artificial construction of an ear, by means of tubes and diaphragms, so as to imitate, as nearly as possible, the human ear in its power of collecting sounds of every degree of intensity, and transmitting them to a delicate membrane placed at the extremity. After numerous essays an apparatus was constructed which possessed the above qualifications; the membrane was seen to vibrate visibly, and in a different manner, with each audible sound or note; and if a pen or style were fastened to this membrane, its point would trace the wonderfully beautiful and complicated curves and circles appertaining to the elements of sound. The next difficulty consisted in finding a sensitive surface upon which this style could mark the imprint of its movements; for the vibrations of the aerial pen were so delicate that if any appreciable force were required to effect the transcription, the resistance would at once stop all movement. This difficulty was at last overcome by employing a strip of thin paper, upon which was deposited a film of lamp-black obtained from the smoke of burning bodies. This sensitive surface is carried along by clockwork agency, in front of the vibrating style, so that the successive movements of the latter shall not impinge one on the other, when the result is a series of lines written on the paper, composed of the most complicated systems of curves, and forming a natural autograph of the producing sounds.

Of course it will be understood that the above is intended more as a brief outline of the principle of Mr. Scott's instrument, than as an exact description of its individual details. In reality, especially in the one recently made, it is far more complicated than would be imagined from this brief sketch; but the phonographs produced by it are marvellously perfect. Every separate source of sound has an individuality of its own. The sounds of different musical instruments, for instance, are easily distinguished from one another, and from the human voice. This latter, moreover, gives different traces, according to its character—the sweet, soft voice of a female, especially when singing, being characterized by great great beauty and harmony in the curves impressed on the paper; in those produced by the harsher voice of a man, the curves are larger and more ragged looking; whilst in a shriek or a shout, or in the harsh discordant sounds of instruments, the waves are irregular, unequal, and broken up into secondary vibrations of all degrees of amplitude.

An oration, delivered with varying rapidity, and with the pitch of the voice greatly modulated in different parts, has a striking appearance in its phonograph. Rapidly spoken parts have the curves crowded together, whilst in others they are widely separated. The loud tones of the voice are shown by the written waves rising to perhaps half an inch or more in height, whilst the low tones are not more than the eighth of an inch high; the modulations of the voice are thus shown very beautifully by the varying height of what may be called the letters of sound.

The fact of being able to make spoken sounds record themselves permanently on paper is of itself most singular and astonishing; but if it is ever developed, as the inventor says it shortly will be, to sufficient perfection to enable it to take down speeches which may be written off verbatim, it is difficult to imagine the importance of the discovery, whether it be in respect to the unimpeachable accuracy of the process, the entire absence of trouble and expense in reporting articulate sounds or the great saving of the time and the exhausting labors of our Parliamentary reporters.—*London Review.*

Music Abroad.

Paris.

It appears that the actual loss by the burning of the scenery of the Opera was far less than had been at first supposed. Although the first cost may have been, as stated, some 800,000 francs, the scenery was mostly that of pieces no longer played. The project about to be carried into effect of building a new opera house, would, moreover, have rendered it necessary to alter the scenes entirely, so that they were hardly worth more than their value as old canvases and lumber, which would have been perhaps some 50,000 francs. The buildings belonged to the State and were to have been before long, demolished.

Le Prophète has been played recently, in which Mad. Viardot, renewed her old triumphs in the character of Fidès. The *Huguenots*, *Comte Ory* and *Her culanum* have also been performed, Mad. Tedesco appearing in the latter opera.

It is said that Flotow is engaged upon the score of a new opera, of which the text is written by M. de Dingelstedt.

M. Morère, who gained the first prize for singing at the recent concours of the Conservatoire, has been engaged at the Grand Opera.

At the Nuremberg festival, the first prize, a splendid cup, offered by the city of Berne, was won by the Vienna *Männergesang-Verein*.

THE NEW GRAND OPERA AT PARIS.—The plan of the new Grand Opera-house is now definitely settled. The design adopted is that of M. Garnier.

The form of the edifice, says the *Siccle*, is a parallelogram, with rounded angles, flanked at the sides by two projecting pavilions, at right angles to the streets abutting on them. The western pavilion—that is to say, the pavilion fronting the Rue de Rouen—is intended for the private entrance of the Emperor; the eastern pavilion, looking upon the Rue de Lafayette, will be the entrance for carriages. The principal facade, reserved for the pedestrians, is an imposing mass. It offers some analogy with that of the Garde-Meuble, but its colonnade is composed of coupled columns, like those of the Louvre. Persons arriving by the eastern pavilion will alight under a covered gallery, leading to a circular waiting-room, situated immediately under the audience part of the theatre. This waiting-room resembles to a certain degree, the vestibule of the Théâtre Français. Round it is a circular gallery communicating with the entrance gallery. The grand staircase bears some analogy to that of the Doria Palace at Genoa. It will lead only to the grand tier of boxes and the other first-class places. From the extremities of the vestibule will spring two secondary staircases, the plan of which is a semicircle, open in its diameter, consists of a succession of winding flights, sustained by superposed arcades.

The visitor reaches the grand staircase by a central vestibule, while he gains access to the other two by the lateral galleries opening into the broad peristyle which takes up the whole facade next the Boulevard. This peristyle, a sort of *Salle-des-Pas-Perdus*, communicates with the galleries which enable

the public to circulate under cover round the entire edifice. M. Garnier's plan is kept within the lines laid down by the Municipal Board of Works; for these lines, despite the sharp criticism to which they have been subjected, have been but very slightly modified, or rather not been modified at all. The new edifice will cover a superficial area of 11,226 metres—that is to say, double the area occupied by the present Opera-house and its outbuildings. Now, 14,000 metres having been granted by the bill framed for the purpose, there will remain 2,774 metres for the squares and plantations. The work will be commenced on the 1st August. They will be completed in three years, at a cost of about twelve million francs.

To the above description we beg to add the following account, taken from the *Presse*, and bearing the signature of M. Théodore Grasset:

"On a sub-basement, pierced with arcades, between which colossal statues symbolise the only lyric arts, rises a rich Corinthian colonnade, whose coupled columns, as in Perrault's work at the Louvre, support architraves with plat-bands. Above this arch a rich entablature serves as a base for a pilastered attic story, decorated with statues in semi-relief. The effect of this attic story, the model of which is to be found in ancient Greek architecture, and which has been reproduced in several edifices of the Renaissance period, is most picturesque and majestic. Two fore-parts, projecting but very little, surmounted by triangular frontons, and each pierced by a grand central arcade, complete and bound this arrangement in the most splendid manner.

"A gently sloping roof surmounts and crowns the whole. The artist has, moreover, succeeded in establishing a happy transition between the façade and the cupola which rises above the edifice. This cupola, magisterially placed on the circular wall which forms the sides of the audience part of the house, shows from the outside its shape and destination, and may be regarded as one of M. Garnier's happiest conceptions. The drum of the cupola (the elevation of the circular walls of the audience part of the house to the exterior of the roof) displays a characteristic arrangement; it is a series of bull's-eye windows, pierced at the base of the bend of the cupola. Through these windows, the air will be able to penetrate freely into the house. We cannot applaud too warmly this system of natural ventilation, analogous to that which answers so well at the Cirque in the Champs Elysées. Further on, the eye rests on the gable terminating the stage. Its serious mode of decoration forms a happy contrast to the rich architecture of the forefront and renders all the splendor of the latter more prominent. Not less do we approve of the division into three stories, as adapted by M. Garnier. It gives variety in unity, and is completely conformable, in the edifice under consideration, to architectural logic.

"In the sub-basement, firm in its lines and sober in its ornaments, are comprised the vestibules, galleries of communication, and all the various conveniences for the external service of the theatre. The story of honor, marked by the order of architecture, which characterises the fore-front, contains the grand saloon (in front of which the colonnade forms a large loge, open in the Italian fashion), the internal galleries, the Imperial box—with all the various rooms attached to it—and the first two rows of boxes; in fact, all the monumental and elegant part of the theatre. The attic story corresponds to the upper seats, and contains a saloon more simple in its arrangements than that on the first floor. The visitors who, with their modest toilets, are contented with the cheaper places, will here find for their use a promenade not existing in the present house.

"The interior of the theatre reproduces, only with more lightness and elegance in the curve of the voussures, the admirable arrangement of the present theatre. That *chef-d'œuvre* of the architect, Louis, a *chef-d'œuvre* transported successively from the theatre at Bordeaux to that of the Place de Louvois, and thence, literally, to that in the Rue le Peletier, is a model theatre in those arrangements required by the tastes and elegant habits of the Parisian public. The cupola of the new theatre will, if the execution of the work prove conformable to the plans, be higher than that of the present house.

"There will be about two thousand places; the present house contains seventeen hundred and fifty. The boxes and other places will be distributed in the same manner as they now are in the Rue le Peletier, but with more room for each spectator. Each box will have a saloon—not a den which will contain scarcely two persons, but a real saloon, completely furnished. The audience part of the house will be of the same width as La Scala, 15 metres. This is wider than the theatre in the Rue le Peletier—a considerable increase, which will influence all the other proportions

of the building, and render it still more imposing. The stage, also, will be broader and deeper. It will extend to some distance on each side, so as to facilitate the employment, so greatly to be desired, of mechanical contrivances for working the scenery, and to substitute machinery for manual labor, which is now the exclusive power in use.

"The storehouses and painting-rooms have been very wisely excluded from the plan we are describing. They would have been only a source of danger and embarrassment—a fact pointed out by the officials. The *foyer des études*, the *salles de répétition*, the *foyer de la danse*, the fine proportions and elegant decorations of which latter will constitute one of the beauties of the new theatre, have, together with the dressing-rooms, been removed to the upper part of the edifice, although they are, at the same time, close to the stage. The visitor will remark, in the arrangement of these portions of the theatre, several ameliorations which will be highly appreciated.

"The architect has very skillfully placed the offices of the management, the Conservatory of Dancing, and the quarters of the principal functionaries and servants of the opera, further on towards the Rue Neuve des Mathurins. It is to be regretted, however, that there is not, as in the buildings connected with the present house, a court-yard for the free distribution of air. Taking into consideration the wants and habits of the population of artists, workmen, and servants, of all ranks, who reside in the Opera-house—700 persons at least—a large court-yard is indispensable. It is to be regretted that the ground, or rather the distribution of it, accorded to M. Garnier, did not allow him to include such a court-yard in the body of the building. The artists will not thank him for having built them a stone cage, which, however splendid, is deprived of air."

The foregoing sketch will give the reader some notion of what the future Opera-House will be. The first stone will shortly be laid; three years' patience, and we shall be able to behold M. Garnier's work in all its splendor.

LEEDS TOWN HALL ORGAN CONCERTS.—The first year of these concerts is just completed, and, from the accompanying analysis of the music performed, the public will see how great a boon our corporation has provided for the public. There cannot be a doubt that the closer our familiarity is with everything good in art, the greater is our appreciation of it, and the higher our delight. The Leeds Town Hall organ, as an imitative orchestral instrument, is the finest in the world, so we have been assured by the musicians who have heard all the noted organs at present existing. This fact must be exceedingly gratifying to the Town Council and the ratepayers, especially after the noisy outcry made by a few persons when first the organ was erected. But has there ever been a work of any magnitude completed which has not aroused feelings of jealousy? At the present time there are not wanting architects and others who declare that our noble Town Hall itself is a gigantic failure, despite the almost universal praise bestowed upon it! The grumblers, however, decrease in number every year; and as with the Town Hall so it is with the organ—even former detractors have become honest eulogists; and now we hear little but praise of both. During the year ending July, there have been 76 organ concerts given, and 22 performances at oratorio and other concerts, making a total of 98 performances on the organ in twelve months. The attendance at the organ concerts has been about fourteen thousand—a larger number than could have been expected, considering all circumstances. The programmes have contained 165 pieces, viz.:—32 various organ works, includes preludes and fugues by J. S. Bach, sonatas by Mendelssohn, and concertos by Handel; 25 sacred songs and choruses by Handel, 43 other sacred songs, duets and concerted music from the works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn Spohr, &c.; 19 pieces selected from the instrumental works of various composers, including selections from the grand symphonies; 17 marches by Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Costa, &c.; 4 fantasias on popular music; 24 "recollections" of various operas by Mozart, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Verdi, Wallace, &c. (these "recollections" have been most popular, and contain all the leading features in each opera, which are connected in a fantasia of considerable length, and with *intermezzi* of a suitable character; 7 concerted vocal music by Sir Henry Bishop, &c.; 13 secular songs by various popular writers; and 24 overtures, including *Der Freyschütz*, *Oberon*, *The Last Judgment*, *Sen and Stranger*, *Fidelio*, *Masaniello*, *Zampa*, &c. We congratulate Dr. Spark, our talented organist, on his admirable selection of pieces generally, and on the manner in which he has performed his duties during his first year of office.—*Leeds Paper*, Sat. Aug. 3, 1861.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Come where the moonbeams linger. *F. Buckley.* 25

Buckley has a great and undoubted talent of inventing graceful, flowing melodies which are easily fixed in one's memory, because there is nothing forced, nothing artificial about them. Every one can sing them. Many of his songs have become popular. His late songs far eclipse former efforts. In England, where the author resides at present, his songs are among those most called for. The above song especially has obtained wide popularity there, as it should here, being uncommonly pretty.

The Stripes and starry blue. Patriotic Song. 26

A stirring patriotic song adapted to a famous old English air, the "British Grenadiers."

Elegy on the death of General Lyon.

Dr. Fr. Hasse. 25

A fit tribute to the memory of the fallen hero, already immortalized in the heart of the nation. The poetry is fine and the music truly grand and solemn, and suggestive of the sad event which the words memorialize.

Then wave ye stripes. *Miss Howell* 25

New England for the Union. *D. B. Worley* 25

Some of the innumerable patriotic songs which the war for the Union has called out will prove worth preserving. It is difficult to say beforehand what these will be. It is just as likely as not that the above two songs will be among the number, as they are well written and have all the requisites of popular songs.

Instrumental Music.

Cataract Galop. *Carl Faust.* 25

A sparkling and melodious piece, not difficult of execution. Abroad it is one of the most popular dances of the day.

Marche du Vainqueur. *J. Blumenthal.* 50

This "March of the Victor" is a beautiful tone-poem, by the author of "La Source," and "Les deux anges," pieces which are cherished second to none by the modern pianist. It should become a standard work. The fine Elegy for the slain, for which the middle portion of the March is unmistakably intended, is alone worth the price of the whole piece.

Army Grand March, introducing Glory Hallelujah and Hail to the Chief. *C. Grobe.* 35

This arrangement of the popular refrain coming as it does coupled with the stirring melody of "Hail to the chief," the whole together forming an effective March, will be the most satisfactory one. The arrangement is simple, yet effective.

Books.

THE GOLDEN HARP. A collection of Hymns, Tunes, and Choruses for the Use of Sabbath Schools, Social Gatherings, Pic Nics, and the Home Circle. By L. O. Emerson.

This book has been introduced into many large schools, and has in every case given the fullest satisfaction. Individuals whose interests are enlisted in the cause of Sabbath Schools cannot do a better deed for the good of that cause than by examining this work, calling the attention of their friends to it, and introducing it into use in their respective localities.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

